gorged himself with cow meat, and smoked and slept.

As the day for his execution came near, Chokat showed signs of fear and unrest. There was a struggle between his love for life, which prompted him to run away, and fear of undying contempt, disgrace and possible death at the stake if he did. And so when June 4 came, Chokat was physically ill, and unable to go to the nameless little creek where it was foredoomed that he should die. He sent word to the Governor of the Territory, who reprieved him until the 14th.

The fateful day came. Chokat had by this time nerved himself for the ordeal, and had selected his brother and father for the executioners. The three and Chokat's squaw, wailing miserably in treble tones, rode to the place where the young brave was to pay the penalty of his crime.

The oldest squaws of the tribe—hags they were—had scooped out a grave under the branches of a big cottonwood. Around this, in a huge semicircle, were the braves of the Creek nation, immovable as statues and silent.

And a motley collection it was. Not fine, athletic, heroic and intelligent-looking were they, but ignoble, dissipated, stolid; not bare-breasted, in war dress, feathers and moccasins, as novelists picture the red man, but dressed in coarsely made trousers, woolen shirts and shoes and boots. Some were bareheaded, and their heavy, thick hair fell to their shoulders; others wore soft felt hats of a nondescript type, such as only the government knows how to procure. Dirt and marks of disease were on their faces. But they were taciturn, these braves, and in that respect only did they show one Indian characteristic.

Sadly fallen indeed are the Creeks, and the others of the Six Nations. Time was when they were fine specimens of the North American Indian, but the white man came, and with him the influences that make savages little better than beasts. Negroes, Mexicans and foreigners swarmed into the territory, bringing with them whisky, knavishness and firearms. The white and black intruders intermarried with the Indians so extensively that there are today scarcely a dozen pure-blooded Creeks in the nation. Chokat was one of these. And with the intermarrying came a degeneration of the Indians.

Chokat, his father and brother dismounted. The brave who was about to die tried to look defiant. The squaw, wailing in even shriller trebles, was kicked aside and out beyond the encircling line of Creek braves.

The execution was simple, and quickly performed. Chokat's father pinned an oak leaf directly over his son's heart and then without a word of farewell one marched to the edge of the grave and knelt; the other, followed by the other son, stalked a distance about 15 feet in front of the condemned prisoner.

Chokat was not permitted to wear paint or feathers. That, in the eyes of the Creeks, is a disgrace so humiliating that only murderers of Chokat's class are forced to endure it. Had he simply killed a Government agent, however, he might have gone to his death in full regalia.

Not an Indian in the circle moved or spoke a word. They watched the proceedings calmly and silently. That was all.

Meantime, a young brave bound Chokat's hands behind his back. A second placed in the grave Chokat's rifle, his cartridge belt, and his hunting knife. Then the two ran quickly back to their places in the circle.

Chokat's brother and father were already in position, facing the murderer. The faces of the two executioners were immobile. They raised their rifles without speaking a word to each other. Then the father gave a low exclamation, two gun reports sounded almost simul-